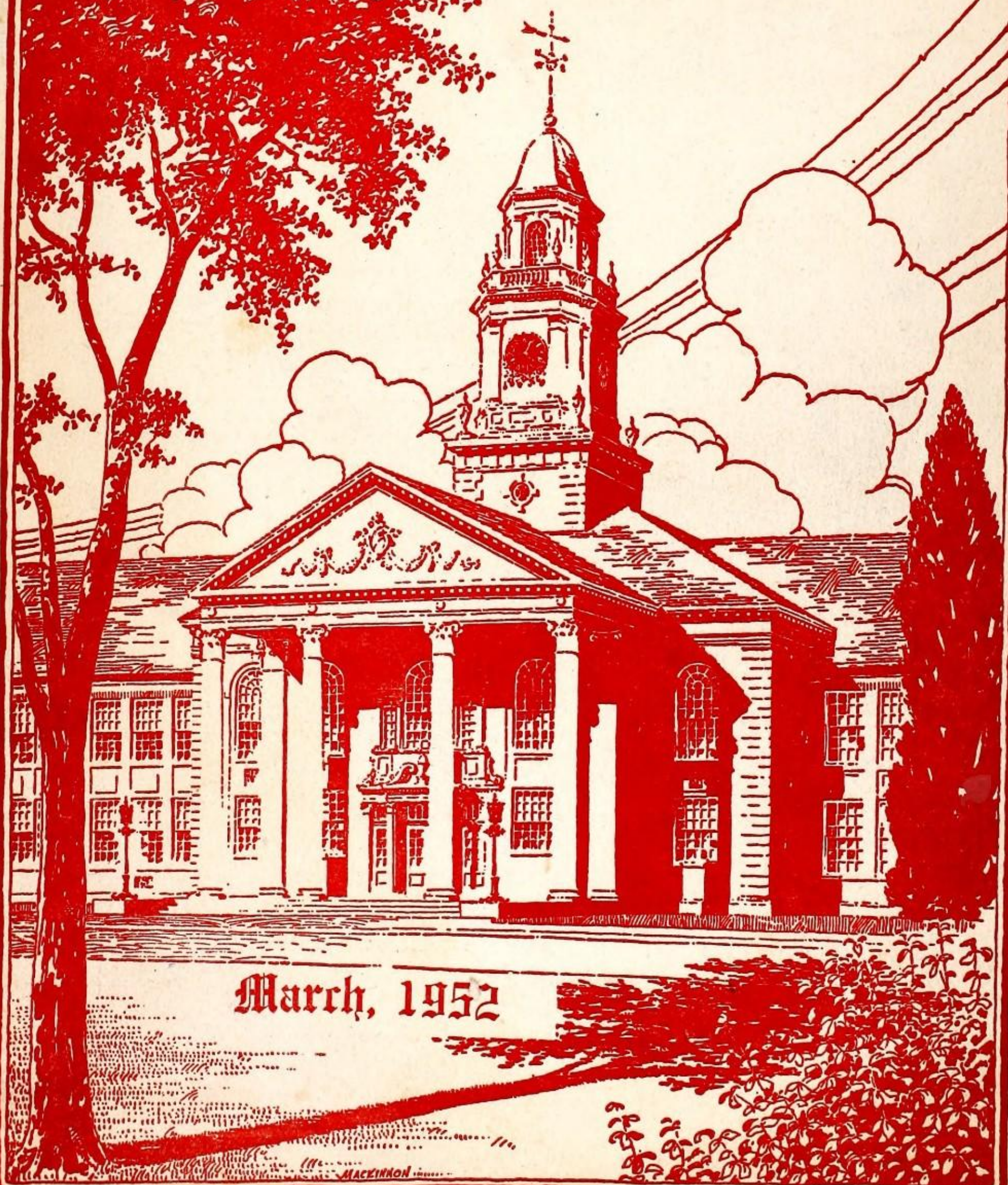


Mrs. Lupton.

The Red and White Rochester, N. H.



March, 1952

MACYKINON

Rochester N. H.



R. M. EDGERLY
and SON



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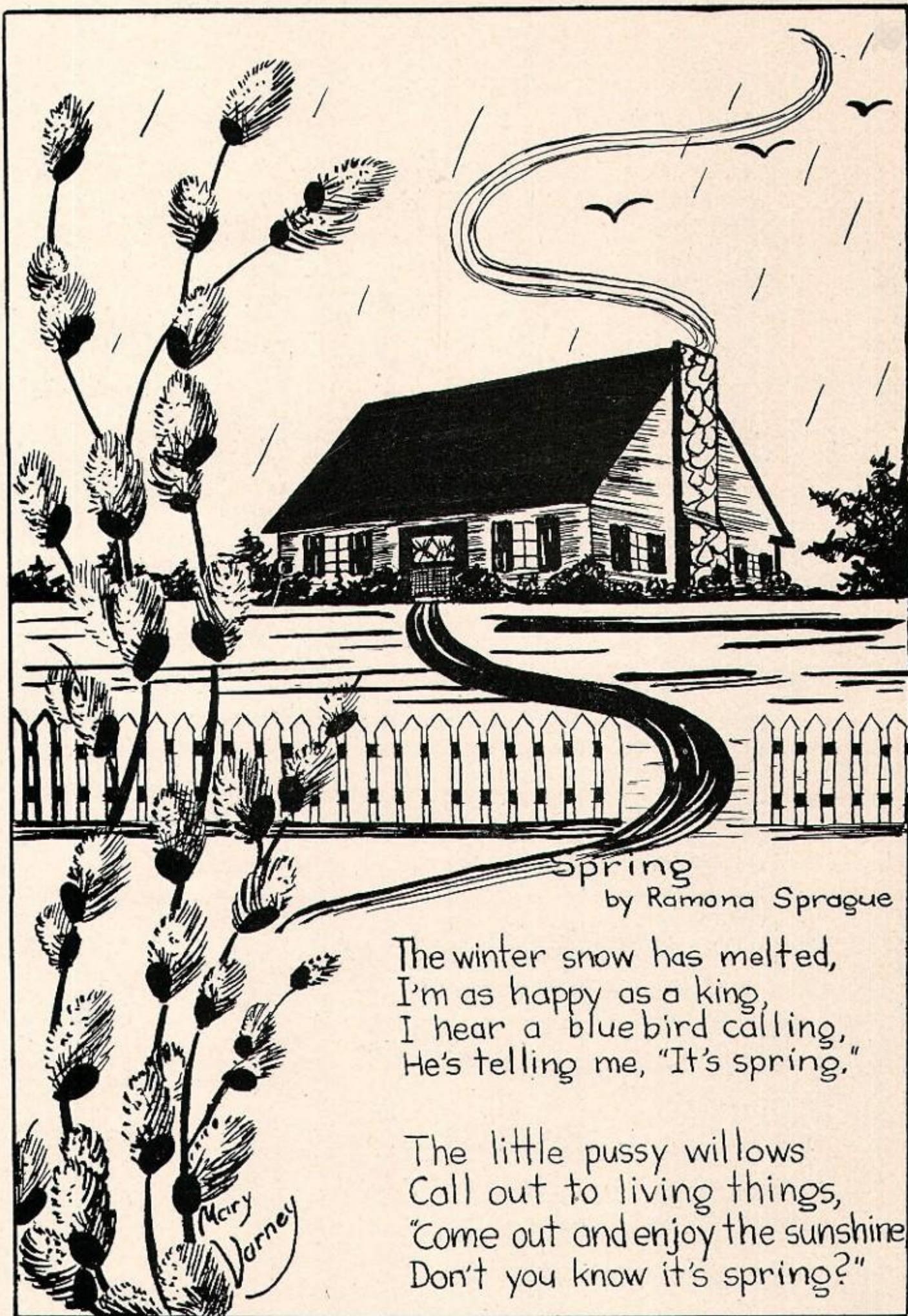
VOL. XXXVIII.

THE RED AND WHITE

NO. 2

\$1.50 per year; three issues.

Published three times during the school year by the pupils of the Spaulding High School. Entered at the Post Office at Rochester, N. H., as second class matter, November 21, 1916, by Act of March 3, 1897.



Spring

by Ramona Sprague

The winter snow has melted,
I'm as happy as a king,
I hear a bluebird calling,
He's telling me, "It's spring."

The little pussy willows
Call out to living things,
"Come out and enjoy the sunshine
Don't you know it's spring?"

Mary
Varney

THE RED AND WHITE

VOL. XXXVIII.

MARCH, 1952

NO. 2

EDITORIAL

The Value of a High School Education

STEPHANIE SPLAINE, '53

Every boy and girl should have at least a high school education. What other chance would he have that would help him obtain a worthwhile position in life with good pay? What is there for him to offer life if he does not have an education?

Many boys and girls think that when they reach the age of sixteen they should leave school. They think that it is time for them to start working, but they think mostly of having their own spending money. This is fallacious reasoning. They should look ahead and think of what they will have to offer to the world; they should look ahead to what they are going to live on when they can no longer work.

What is the answer to this? It is surely a dubious and uncertain future that they must face under such circumstances. Far safer would our young people be if they decided to wait a few years and at least graduate from high school. Employers nowadays want people with an education and some experience instead of young boys and girls without one. In fact, it

is even difficult for young people with a high school diploma to compete with college graduates. How can a boy who has only a slight education ever expect to support a family on a small income? With today's high cost of living it is nearly impossible. One may see many such cases, but it is generally their poor children who suffer for it.

After a boy or girl has left school he may be found wasting his time hanging around on the streets and meeting, not the better class of people, but those with undesirable qualities. He may get into trouble, first starting with petty thefts which seem like a "lark" at the time, then proceed to the bigger thefts. Lastly, he becomes the full-fledged gangster who may meet an untimely end either by a violent death or prison.

Sometimes a school boy or girl becomes discouraged and loses all hope of finishing school. Perhaps it is the question of money. But, instead of quitting school completely, wouldn't it be far better for him to take a part-time job and continue going to school? Such a course of action would really pay dividends in the end, not only in the attainment of education but in the provision of experience that

would provide vocational training in doing some type of work.

Oftentimes boys will quit school and enter some branch of the service. True, some may use the service to good advantage and make use of their facilities to learn a trade, but in many cases the opposite is true. Are these boys really any better off than those who just quit? Sometimes employers will hire them, but just as many times it doesn't happen.

Nowadays, even a high school education is insufficient for one to get a worthwhile position. Even if a boy or girl has to work to help pay his way through college, the sacrifice and effort will certainly "pay off" in the end.

The Value of a College Education

RICHARD CHARLES, '53

In the minds of all who read "The Value of a High School Education" certain facts are known. One often wonders also, what actually is the value of a college education. Thus, as one sits down to think of the advantages gained by a high school graduate's going to college, there are several. For example, I like athletics so I tried developing my thoughts along a parallel of an organized sport. For the development of this article I chose basketball, because in the not-too-distant past our basketball team went through a rugged schedule. So let's follow a typical fellow destined to make a career out of basketball.

As this boy, whom we will call Bob, enters grammar school and advances through the different grades he is introduced to what is known as "education." He begins to realize that what he learns in school will be of help to him in his daily life. He learns the fundamentals. Here, also, he is first brought into contact with a game called basketball. He masters the very

simple points of the game, its fundamentals also.

Then, Bob enters high school where his education branches out from the fundamentals and he learns how to make use of his elementary knowledge in order to do advanced mathematics, etc. His experience with education is probably very much the same as yours is, or was.

Bob tries out for the basketball team and makes it. As a member of the school team, he spends many long and full hours practicing and perfecting the fundamentals of the game. The coach also shows him some new and finer points in the game. He learns how to combine the fundamentals into a much smoother, faster, more complicated game of skill. Here he recognizes that ability is not the only attribute; there is training and conditioning as well.

On graduating from high school Bob was offered a position on a local basketball team. The salary was inviting, but so few move up to "big time ball" through this channel that he turned down the offer.

In the same way there are many jobs open to high school graduates offering attractive salaries but all too often are not followed by good chances of advancement. Many of these jobs would not support a family, however.

In the fall Bob entered college and continued his pursuit of knowledge and basketball playing. At college he met a great number of people whose later influence upon his life was beneficial. At the end of his college basketball career he signed a contract with one of the best professional teams in the world and is now quite able to support, very comfortably, a wife and family.

Then it is apparent that in college basketball, Bob had greatly improved his game by becoming increasingly familiar with it. He gained a distinc-

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LITERARY

Unguarded

BRUCE SMITH, '54

He paused in the center of the dimly lit vault. A shudder of fear prickled momentarily down his spine.

On all sides of him stood the waxen figures standing so grotesquely, silent and motionless, that he choked back his own breath for fear of disturbing these bloodless creatures who had never known life.

It was a sight to make you hold your breath all right. These voodoo mad Haitians certainly had the most peculiar method of commemorating their dead ancestors; a dark room full of figures made to look exactly like the departed relatives. They were dressed in the richest fabrics, adorned with priceless gems and precious metals. Superstition certainly went a long way here on the strange island of Haite, and he was lucky that it had such a tight grip on these people, for if they didn't feel that their possessions here in the tombs were protected by these ridiculous zombies (they had such blind faith!) a smart operator wouldn't have a chance to barge in this way and make off with a fortune.

Zombies! He snickered to himself as his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness and he moved toward the nearest of the wax figures. From the moment he arrived at Port au Price he had been hearing about the fantastic creatures who, according to tradition as old as the island itself, were brought back to life from the grave. Some of the whispered stories were so

gruesome that at first they had actually thrown a pall of fear over him, but now they provoked only contempt as far as he was concerned. Imagine fools who believed in bloodless creatures capable of committing the most ghastly murders. Imagine, superstitious half-wits who entrusted their fortunes to creatures existing only in their own tortured brains. Let them put faith in these zombies they talked of, leaving their treasures totally unguarded!

His hands moved over the first of the grotesque figures, dragging the gems free. The cold, waxy surface sent a shudder through his body but he forced himself to continue. Soon he was feeling no fear at all. It was just another robbery as far as he was concerned. Let the Haitians be consumed with fear of the avenging zombies reputed to guard these tombs. To him the tomb was an unguarded and beckoning bank vault.

He turned as if hypnotized by some strange force and for a moment his breath almost stopped in his throat. He tried to force a scream of fright through his paralyzed lips but no sound issued from them. Moving toward him slowly, irresistibly like a ghastly creature rising from the grave, was one of the wax figures which had been standing, just a moment before, at the opposite side of the vault! What he was seeing was impossible. How could a thing made of wax manage to move, unless what the Haitians said about the zombies was true?

I Speak for Democracy

CYNTHIA LUNT, '52

I speak that my own country may hear, and I speak that those countries who do not know Democracy may hear. I speak that we who know the value of a Democracy may "think on these things," and that those who do not know may be enlightened.

Democracy to us means a government by the people, but it means more, far more. It is to us a way of life, not only in government but in all essentials that make us a great and free people.

I speak for a Democracy that has made our country the greatest nation on earth, not only in wealth, in culture, in education and in progress, but in the ideal that all are created equal; that all have equal opportunities under the flag of the United States.

I speak for a Democracy that was purchased with a great price, purchased dearly by brave men, who perhaps at that moment when they laid down their lives might have asked, "For what do we die?", to whom succeeding generations have given the answer, "For this Democracy, for this way of life, that has made this great nation."

I speak for Democracy and the freedom it gives to all people who are a part of it. Freedom from fear of oppression, freedom from restrictions to express ourselves as we believe, freedom to have a part in our government, to declare ourselves by the ballot, and to take part in civic and religious affairs to the end that this will be a better America, that we will go forward as a people, that we will not lose sight of the fact that the ideals for which Democracy stands must be nurtured, not let to lie idle or to be crowded out by insidious propaganda, but kept always in the foreground, so that every boy and girl, every man and woman may become so conscious of these ideals, that nothing can dim their light and nothing can take their place.

Our American Heritage

CAROLE HATHAWAY, '54

The Little Red Brick Schoolhouse in Wakefield, New Hampshire, was built in 1858. It contains some very interesting antiques which tell us something about life in the early colonies.

Upon entering the building, I saw a large glass case filled with interesting but old articles facing the door.

The case includes a sample of the kind of report card used nearly one hundred years ago. The report was then called a reward of merit. Instead of having A's or B's, as the cards of today, different pieces of colored ribbons were used.

A very beautiful piece of art which must have made some lady very proud was a fan made entirely of feathers: red, blue, yellow, and many other bright colors.

At the far end of the hallway is an old Post Office which used to be in the building that Palmer's store now occupies.

The post office is made of wood and glass. The mail boxes are made of wood without glass with a small lock right above the box number.

The next article on display is an old cobbler's bench still containing nails, hammers, and many other tools which this trade requires. Entering the main room, I saw that which takes the eyes of most of the girls, a white satin wedding gown with beautiful old fashion lace on it. This gown was worn by some very proud lady in 1896.

Opposite this gown is the wedding dress which belonged to Mr. Robert Lee's mother. It is made of white taffeta on which a blue and gold flower design is embroidered. A black shawl is draped over the shoulders of this gown. The owner of this shawl is unknown.

A show case between two windows contains old school books that were used before the "Little Red School House" was built.

An old mahogany desk stands next

to this case with another array of articles that are very interesting, including an old ink well with two quill pens in it, which was said to have belonged to Captain John Smith, the man who started the Virginia Colony. Another item on display is a pair of spectacles that were made over one hundred years ago, in Belgium. The bows and rims of these glasses are made of silver and are very narrow.

A very large bellows stands against the wall next to an old furnace that was used to heat the schoolhouse. Another cobbler's bench is next to it. On this one there are still two pairs of shoes. Above this is an old lantern which was used on the Wakefield Congregational Church beside the door.

A silver communion set which belongs to the Congregational Church is very beautiful also.

A pair of milk pans that were made by hand tells us how handy the people in the colonies were.

Two little dancing costumes that were worn by some child are also on display.

As one leaves the room a map of Carroll County, which was made in 1850, faces him.

Something which probably interests the boys more than the girls is an old surveyor's instrument with a compass in the center of it.

I have tried to describe every article of interest, but I find I have left something out. The old red sleigh in front of the school house belonged to none other than New Hampshire's own Daniel Webster.

I think it is wonderful that people could get all of these items together.

We read much about our American Heritage, but, I think we do not appreciate it until we see with our own eyes the articles our ancestors made with their hands.



P.C.

Say It With Music

BETTY LUNT, '53

There come times in the lives and experiences of most of us when our emotions are so profound that it is not possible to express ourselves effectively with words. Through music only can the stronger sensibilities of human emotions be effectively expressed.

Lovers find it far more expressive to say, "I love you," with music. Many lovers have given to the world the great masterpieces of their own passion, which are still sung, played, and appreciated by people today. What person hearing "Liebestraum" is not deeply moved by the tender, surging passion given it by its great composer, Frantz Liszt?

The majestic chords and moving inner parts of Rachmaninoff's "Prelude in C# Minor" leave an audience in a state of thrill and unbelief. These men, however, are not the only greats. The preludes of Chopin are extremely touching and moving.

Many men have written music at times when life had been difficult for them and sorrows were frequent. This music is moving enough to tear emotional people apart, so to speak.

Songs have been written about everything imaginable from birth to death, love to hate, tiny people to gigantic nations, trickling brooks to mighty oceans. There lies the material, why don't you "say it with music"?

Television Telephones

BETTY-LOU BICKFORD, '52

"Barbara—Barbara, you're wanted on the phone."

"Who is it?"

"I think he is Peter Murphey. I have never seen him this close before."

"What," you say, "she gets a phone call but you see him!"

Well, this seems to be the place to explain that this is the year 1982 and we have a television telephone. I wonder what it was like back in the "olden days" when they had phones that you could only hear the other person, and not see them. It must have been awful having to guess who it was and to tell your name everytime you called someone.

Take us today in comparison when we pick up the receiver and see the person calling. If we don't want to talk to them we don't have to push the contact button on the receiver, but merely replace it on the set. When we want to talk our picture goes on their screen and we hold our conversation.

There are a few disadvantages, however. My sister, for instance, had a call today while she was in her pin curls and pajamas. She simply had to make her best appearance so her first move was to run upstairs and put on her good clothes and fix her hair.

When Mother was a little girl, can you imagine, she had only one television viewing set. She says the whole family gathered around it in the evening to watch the programs in black and white. We have one main set now but there are screens in



P.C.

every room so we all do our work but still watch the programs. She also said that everybody didn't have them then either but went to something called movies for entertainment. It must have been very tiresome and dull just sitting and watching one big screen for two hours. Now we have color television sets in our cars and television telephones, too.

I am just very thankful that I didn't live when my mother did and have to put up with all the hardships and inconveniences that she had to endure.

When Television Telephones Are In Use

PATRICIA BICKFORD, '52

I would like to introduce you to Mrs. John Brown. She is an average and typical housewife, who has an average husband, namely John Brown, and three average children.

It is about nine o'clock and Mrs. John Brown has just managed to get her family off to work and school. Now the telephone rings. Mrs.

Brown with a "one-track mind" thinks only of her friend Mildred calling. She hurries to the telephone with her bathrobe on, hair in curlers, and mud pack on her face.

"Hello!" she said. Then came the tragic moment—she remembered that yesterday the telephone company installed their new television telephone, and there on the line is the mayor of Sunnyvale. Yes, His Honor, the Mayor, is right there before her on the little television screen.

Thoughts ran quickly through Mrs. Brown's mind. Should she hang up? Should she talk as if she were dressed properly? Or what should she do?

She decided to hang up, for if she didn't she knew her self-respect and pride would be hurt. If the mayor wanted anything special, he would surely call back.

After putting the receiver down, she only hoped the mayor hadn't recognized her with the mud pack on her face. The safest thing to do she decided was to go dress in case the mayor called back.

The next time the telephone rang it was her friend, Mildred. They talked for an hour or so and agreed nothing could be finer than to be able to see each other as they gossiped.

Mrs. Brown's next move was to call one friend after another, especially the ones she hadn't seen lately. She knew it was silly, but she was like a child with a new toy.

Soon Mr. Brown and the children came home for lunch. Lunch? Was lunch ready? No, it wasn't, for Mrs. John Brown had been too busy calling to get lunch. Sandwiches were easy to make, so the family had sandwiches for lunch.

While Mrs. Brown was washing the dishes, her youngest son, Jimmie, was busy with the new telephone. He had the telephone book and was calling up everybody just to see what they looked like. He was already

(Continued on Page 15)



My Make-Believe Life

CORINNE BOUDREAU, '52

If I were able to turn back the hands of time to make-believe life, I would like to be a poet of nature. You ask me why?

To me there is nothing so beautiful and serene as the makings of God around us. I would put on paper the messages of nature, with the frosted windowpanes and glistening snow of winter, and the breaking of ice and fragrant air of spring. Of the ripple of water and glorious sunshine of the summer, and the golden splendor of fall. But alas! It is beyond my reach to grasp the words that will describe our picturesque surroundings.

I would take my book and pencil and wander on a sunny day up the side of a mountain or into a green pasture. Here amid the vigorous green grass and coolness of the tall timber I would put on paper for the world to read the messages of nature. I would describe the valleys hollowed

into the mountains with long winding rivers flowing carelessly downward. The little objects in the distant which look like boxes placed side by side in even rows. And the tall smokestacks silhouetted against the clear blue sky, billowing forth a grey cloud of smoke, and far on the right the tiny objects grazing on the treacherous slopes and plateaus.

Leaning back, I would relax and describe my immediate surroundings. The ripple of the green grass as a little breeze passed by and the nodding of the buds yet to blossom. The stature of the pines as their gigantic shadows laid a darkened path in the morning sun. And last of all the noises around us, the chirping of crickets and the snapping of twigs occasionally as a squirrel scampered from tree to tree.

Should it be a rainy day, I would sit by the window and describe the people scurrying to and fro to seek shelter from the downpour. And the raindrops as they fell noisily against my windowpane. And yes, as the sky cleared the magnificent beauty of the rainbow, the promise of a glorious morrow.

Oft I have walked through the woods with my dogs and spent many hours looking at the majesty of scenery that God has provided for mankind. Ah, but to put all this into verse is my make-believe desire.

"Follow Me?"

JOAN PARENT, '54

The dirty Roman streets all lead to the forum. At the time, day had not yet dawned on the fabulous city. A lone man was walking rapidly to the place that would soon be crawling with crowds of people listening to the daily gossip.

It was apparently a masterpiece. The gallery was already getting dark. I wanted to remain and ponder on his

future life, also question the troubled look on his face. I knew I must follow him into his lonely world.

He did not stop at the forum but crossed to another part of the city. In the catacombs below, people were gathered around the tomb of one of their dead martyrs. Upon the man's entrance, the crowd rose to their feet excitedly but made little noise.

"People of Rome," he said, "I bring news that will greatly trouble you, but have courage for there is a chance that all may be saved! Greek rulers have offered us transport to their land if we, in return, promise to work for them after we are there. We will be free to practice our religion and they assure us no poverty. It will be taking a great chance, but to remain here is certain death. The Roman soldiers have come to evacuate the place this very day. Leave quietly and go to the river while you still have your lives."

When all had left, Publius fell upon his knees and cried. He wondered if he had done right in promising to the consul the capture of her friends for the release of the girl he loved! Why must there be such a feud between the nobles and Christians?

After regaining control of himself he watched, from the top of a villa, the scene taking place near the river. The soldiers had done their duty well, while the Christians had desperately given up.

The next night he awaited the arrival of the officers who would bring Fulvia. When they had gone, he stood for a long time facing her while neither moved nor spoke. Once she had trusted him, now no more, perhaps she even hated him! He shrugged at the thought. Anxiously, he found himself saying, "Don't say anything, Fulvia, we can go away together and start all over again. I have much money, we will be very happy."

"You speak of happiness, Publius.

How could you ever know such a thing again? Once we were close, now times have changed." Then as if reading his thoughts she answered, "No, Publius, I do not hate you. I pity you. I must go back to my people. With them I will die. If you still love me, follow me."

Publius had not bargained for this. What he had expected, he did not know, but surely not this. Nevertheless, did he try to stop her going back to the prison? Now he was a broken man. He had even lost his self-respect. He knew he could follow her or go his way with a ragged, morbid conscience.

A short while after, a lone man was walking rapidly through the dirty Roman streets that all lead to the forum. Day had not yet dawned on the fabulous city. He was passing through the forum that would soon produce crowds of people listening to the daily gossip.

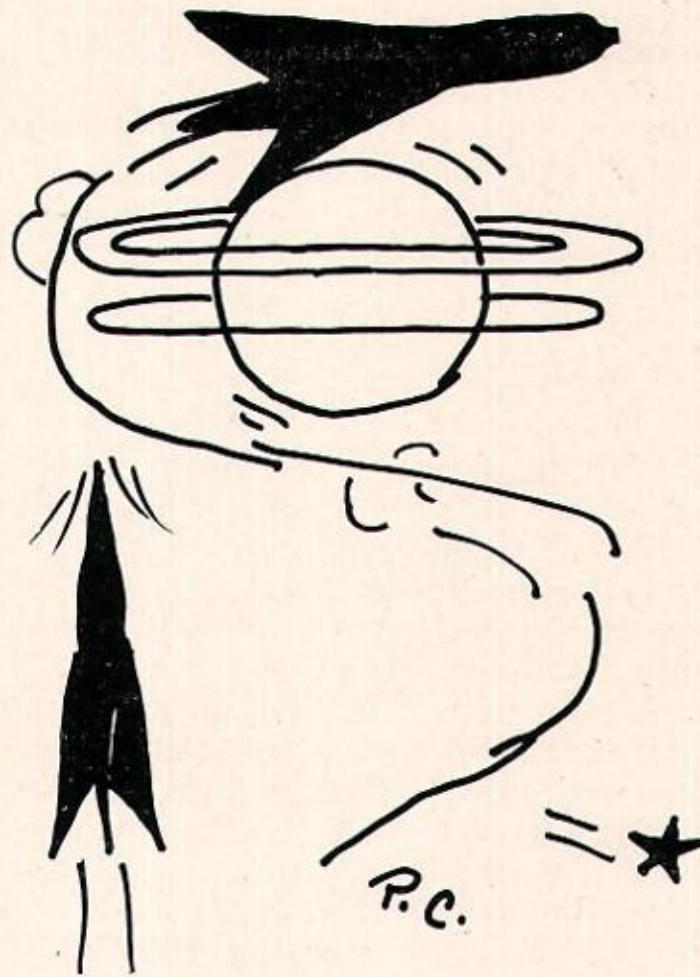
The gallery was dark now. Again I looked up at the portrait with the glittering inscription underneath, "Follow Me?"

Pure Make-Believe

JOSEPH BALLOU, '53

A true tale of the Buck Rogers' Realm!

I, Jim Toreical, while experimenting in the Physics laboratory in Boston at M. I. T. on the effect on life at or around absolute zero, found an incredible fact. At .000,000,000,02 degrees Kelvin, life could be preserved! I proved this by immersing a rat in a bath of $H_4S_2ECH_2A_1$. He was in this for four years. Being already an old rat, he could have died in that time. When I returned him to normal temperature, he appeared none the worse for wear. I then prepared a large vat of the same material to continue my work. One day while working around the vat, my foot



slipped and in I went. I am now writing in the year 2153, two centuries later.

I have noticed great changes in the way of life. Roads, automobiles, schools, are things of the past. Everyone has his own private helicopter! These slightly resemble the older ones, but there are many new improvements. Going to school is a pleasure. All one does is sleep while knowledge passes into the brain by osmosis.

Do we have interplanetary rockets? Yes, to a certain extent. A trip to the moon compares with going to Europe. As to planets, only Mars and Venus have been reached. Exploratory parties are on both these planets. But so far, no human life has been found.

Yet the greatest advancement of mankind that I have found is the ability to get along with one another. Nations are no longer unfriendly toward each other. They act more or less as states or provinces of the world. Men have finally realized that war is useless and gain no one anything. Wars

are still possible, but the last real war is lost in the dim recesses of history. Governments are now intelligently run. People are considered as people and are educated. All in all the world is not a Utopia, but it is as close to it as man will come.

A Lonely Girl's Discovery

JANE WITHAM, '53

Walking through the quiet woods, as is her daily custom, is a lonely little girl about seven years old. To-day it seems unlike it has ever seemed before, as though there were something different about the woods.

As she walks on, she notices that she has never visited this part of the woods before. Everything here is strange to her. She is admiring the beautiful scenery when, suddenly, she is no longer in the woods, but has come into a little clearing. It is like a dream come true. It is unbelievable. She has read of such beautiful spots before, but she never thought that she would ever see one.

In the little clearing is a little brook which runs along over rocks and branches that have fallen off the large oak trees which encircle the clearing. The tops of the trees are intertwined in some places. From between the trees one can see the sun shining down on the rocks in the water turning them many beautiful shades of pink, blue, green, and gold.

From across the clearing there appears a doe and her fawn. She looks around the clearing to make sure that everything is safe for her baby to come out. They then make their way to the brook to drink some of the clear, cool, blue water. When they have had enough to drink, the mother goes to lie down in the cool green grass and rest. The little fawn has different ideas. He wants his mother to play with him. So he rises and away they race across the clearing. Mary can hardly believe that all this

is happening. The birds singing in the trees. They each have their own melody to sing, the squirrels are running about here and there in the woods. Butterflies are fluttering around the clearing. Many of the things which took place on this day are the reasons why Mary is no longer a lonely girl.

For many hours she sits each day watching the beautiful scene. Then, she remembers that she must leave it and go back to the house. She knows, too, that she will again return again and again to this little clearing which is to her a dreamland, a land all of her own. Here there are peace and beauty. Here, too, are her friends, the birds and the animals that live in the woods.

The Queer Animals from Australia

ROLLAND MARSH, '54

I have a story that no one will believe, but it is true. Last summer I applied for a job with an exploring expedition to Australia. I thought that it would be interesting and I didn't have anything else to do for the summer. I got the job and my bosses were two professors from Harvard who were going to Australia to hunt for rare plants and animals. Only the three of us were going. We left for Australia in the first part of June by ship. It took us two weeks to get there.

We landed at Albany and unloaded a custom-built jeep and a small trailer. We went through the customs. From there we headed for Wiluna, in the western part of Australia, and then out into the unexplored area east of this village. We stayed in this village over night. In the morning we started for the unknown.

It was sort of a desert that was filled with shrubs and bushes. A short way ahead we came across rabbits,

hundreds of them, but only a few of the more famous kangaroos. We were lucky if we went a mile without getting stuck. This made progress very slow. At night we camped out on the sand.

As the days went on, we went farther and farther into Australia. The going became harder and harder every mile. Then we came to the hills and canyons.

One evening we came to one of these canyons. Finding a good spot to camp on the edge in a group of boulders, we stayed there for the night. We went to the edge of the canyon and looked down. We couldn't see the bottom. The professors said that we would explore this canyon in the morning. I ate my supper and then went to sleep under the southern cross, thinking of what was coming up tomorrow.

In the morning we got up and ate our breakfast. We went to the edge of the canyon and looked down. About eight hundred feet below we saw a mist or fog. We couldn't see the bottom. The slope went down at about an eighty degree angle. The professors were all set to go down the steep slope, but for myself, I didn't care to go because I had seen movies like this with mist and prehistoric animals.

We got our packs ready and started down something like a trail which led to the mist and, I hoped, a bottom of the canyon. It was tough going but we made it to the mist which covered the whole floor of the canyon. In our packs there was a large knife with a blade twelve inches long. The professors each had Colt 45 pistols, and I had an H. and H. 22 with nine shots. We went into the mist and after a hundred feet or more of climbing we came to the bottom.

At the bottom of the canyon the fog was much thinner. You could see that it was flat and about one mile wide. At one end there was an immense cave. There were small ani-

mals moving about there. The professors suggested that we might sneak up on them and maybe capture one or two.

We sneaked around the base till we were within fifty feet of them. They had a short body with four legs and two arms. They were about three feet tall and had the head of an ant. The professors decided to charge out and grab one of them.

We got within twenty feet of them before they realized that we were coming. Then they began to pour out of the cave. Hundreds upon hundreds of them. But by that time we had grabbed one of them and had started running back to the trail which led to the top. They couldn't run fast and we gained a little ground on them.

Taking our struggling prisoner up the steep wall would have been impossible, so the professor cut off its body and just took its head along. As he cut off the body, a slimy yellow pus came bubbling out where the neck had been.

We were about fifty feet above when they began to go up the slope. Then the mist closed around us. We rushed on knowing the only way out was the top.

We were about twenty-five feet above the mist when the first of the animals, which looked like ants, came out of the fog. In a few minutes the whole wall was a crawling mass below us.

At about four hundred feet they had closed in on us to about ten feet. The professor with the ant's head began to slip behind until they were only five feet away from him. He threw away the head and took out his knife and pistol. They kept coming on and when he had emptied his pistol, he began slicing off heads, arms, and legs. Soon they were all around him. Then we heard his scream echoing down the canyon and the two of us were left alone.

We had two hundred feet to go. I took out my pistol and when I had a chance I thought I would shoot at one of them. I would see some yellow slime shoot out where the bullet went in and then the animal would fall dead. They were gaining on us, slowly but surely.

At about a hundred feet to go we came to a ledge which was about twenty feet high. We had ropes hanging down where we had come down into the canyon. I climbed up my rope and the professor was about five feet from the top. The ants were all about the bottom of the ledge by now. I started over to help the professor up, when his rope broke. He fell and hit the rocks below. The ants began to devour him immediately.

Before the ants could get up the ledge I was twenty-five feet above. After seeing the second professor eaten I was almost running. The ants didn't seem to tire at all. The professor must have tasted good because they were only five feet behind me when I reached the top.

I stumbled up the last few feet and raced to the jeep. I unhitched the trailer and pushed off some of the heavy supplies on the jeep. I drove straight to the village, making it in about a week.

When I got there I told the officials and they thought I was "nuts." They sent me back to America where I have told the story over and over.

That happened over fifty years ago. I am an old man now and haven't many years to live. Some day someone else will find that canyon and then he, too, will have a story to tell.

Nose: That part of the human body that shines, snubs, snoops and sneezes.

Morals In Government

THOMAS GRAY, '53

Regardless of many claims to the contrary, our present administration is not completely to blame for the scandals and underhanded doings in our government. These conditions have been brought about by the apathetic attitude of the public toward morality and the maintenance of our democratic principles. Americans of today do not hold the same ideals in as high esteem and respect as did their forefathers. It has been "smart" to gamble, manly and clever to swindle, and thus making it easier for our youth to slip down into moral degradation of every description.

Despite pessimistic claims by so-called experts, who say, "Nothing can be done," nay, it is nothing short of an outright moral and spiritual revolution that will awaken people to a sense of uprightness and honor!

Some say that we have lost many of the democratic rights provided for in our Constitution. This is true, but we still have the right to vote and the obligation as free citizens to vote "right." As long as this right is abused, we shall have a rotten, inefficient government. Too many citizens vote to "keep the icebox full." Labor or other organized groups will usually vote for the candidate who promises the most; his character and capability are secondary considerations.

The solution, therefore, is to clean out not only the government and replace its officials, but to enlighten the minds and strengthen the characters of the electorate before democracy is further endangered.

In order to bring about this change, our youth must be taught to hold in reverence the ideals which have built our nation. The youth of the nation are tomorrow's leaders and upon them rests the greatest responsibility. Only if our young people are instilled with

high ideals and principles that they hold sacred can we expect these United States to continue to hold its high place in the world.

Money In Circulation

LORRAINE PARKER, '53

Let's take the dime. Once this little coin was bright and shiny with the print of a new year upon its face. The dime's first experience was a pleasant one indeed. It was with an elderly woman who gently placed him in her large purse, later to trade him for a spool of red thread. His second experience was like that of many others to come. He was jostled, stepped on, thrown, and every other active action a person could possibly do.

Many years went by and the dime grew in size and less in value. The worst experience he had ever known was the time he was caught, yes caught! in the hem of a man's coat, not to be found until one year later. He was terribly frightened and lonely as it was very dark in this hem and the little coin was desperately hoping that some day a hand that entered the pocket so many times would discover the ripped seam and surprisingly find this lonely coin to trade him for something. Another time, this now outdated coin was sealed, or should I say trapped, in the corner of a store cash register later to be discovered by a new employee that hung onto him until she was sure she spent him wisely.

This little dime met many different types of people in his travels over the continent, many of the people whom he had been with spent wisely while others spent him foolishly.

Other experiences familiar to these happened to the coin, but just lately did the dime begin to realize that not only he, but millions of other dimes, were getting the same treatment. The dime woke up to this fact when he was deposited in the bank by what seemed to look like a farmer. At the bank they separated all the money

according to its value and placed him among his fellow companions, brothers, sisters, and great-grandfather coins. They all had so much to tell him of their experiences with many different persons that they talked all day and through the night which caused him to be very sleepy the following morning. In spite of his drowsiness, he was grasped from his companions (without even having a chance to say good-bye) and thrown into a strange hand.

The dime is still in circulation as far as I know, so suppose you take a look at the dime or dimes you are now carrying. He is either the dime I am talking about or a very close relative.

The only advice this coin ever gave was "spend me wisely."

WHEN TELEVISION TELEPHONES ARE IN USE

(Continued from Page 9)

through the A's and just starting the B's.

Mr. Brown had decided to play golf in the afternoon, but as he was leaving the telephone rang. Being right beside the phone, he answered it. There on the line was his boss. He wanted John to work all afternoon, and John knew it would be difficult to "put him off," now that they were facing each other on the screen of the television telephone. John went to work.

In the evening the family of John Brown had a discussion about the new telephone. The Mr. and Mrs. decided they didn't particularly like the idea of seeing everybody and being seen by everybody who they talked with on the phone. The kids thought it was the next best invention after the rocket ship.

Now all we have to do is wait until we get television telephones to decide whether we agree with Mr. and Mrs. John Brown or their "kids."

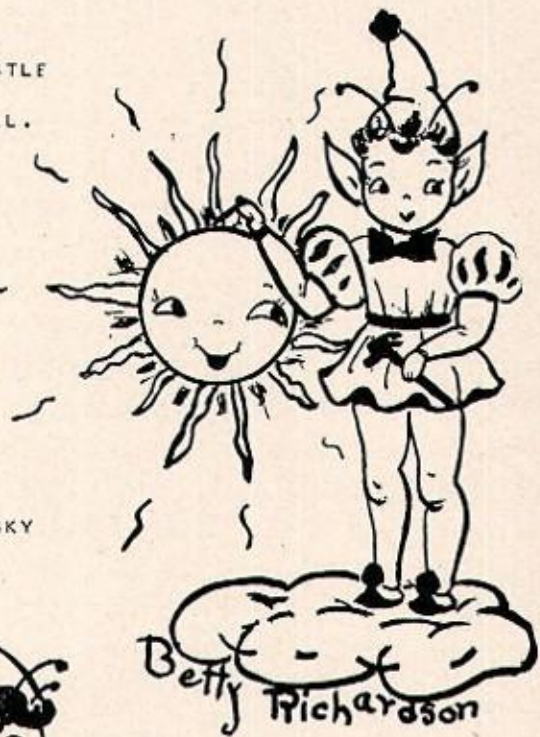
The Merry Winds of March



THE MERRY WINDS OF MARCH
ARE LIKE JOLLY LITTLE ELVES,
WHO ARE FOND OF PLAYING PRANKS
BUT NEVER SHOW THEMSELVES.
THEY MAY GENTLY TIP YOUR HAT,
OR EVEN BLOW IT AFAR,
AND YOU WILL NEVER QUITE FIND OUT
WHERE ON EARTH THEY ARE.
THEN UPON SOME STORMY NIGHT
WHEN ALL IS DARK AND STILL,
YOU CAN HEAR THEM SHRIEK AND WHISTLE
AS THEY PASS EACH DOOR AND SILL.



THE MERRY WINDS OF MARCH
ARE FOND OF GOOD DEEDS, TOO.
THEY BLOW AWAY SKIES OF GRAY
AND BLOW IN SKIES OF BLUE.
THEY WHISTLE TO THE CROCUSES
TO TELL THEM WHEN TO GROW,
AND THEY HANG THE SUN UP IN THE SKY
TO MELT AWAY THE SNOW.



Betty Richardson

POETRY

FEATHERED FRIENDS

PRISCILLA JACK, '53

When winter's icy winds are heard,
Please don't forget to feed the birds.
In familiar fields where the snow lies deep,
There's nothing now that they can eat.
A crust of bread thrown here and there,
Will mean for them a "bill of fare."

My own backyard is a busy spot,
For there are birds of every sort.
They sit and wait in a tree out there,
For whatever food I have to spare.

They are not fussy what they eat
So we need not try to be discreet.
It's fun to watch them get their fill,
From a ledge beneath the window sill.
We'll remember the birds through the winter long,
Then they'll remember us with their spring-time song.

WORDS

ANN RUTHERFORD, '53

Words may be humble
Or words may be proud,
Words may be soft
Or words may be loud
Words may beat harshly
On life's rocky shore;
Or still pains tide gently
In the bruised heart's core.

For words are the tools;
Through which we may give
Shape to our thoughts
As nobly we live.
In peace and security,
Conveying what's true
Is nature's intention
Of what words should do.

DON'T QUIT

ROBERT HARDY, '53

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all up hill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest if you must—but don't you quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns
As everyone of us sometimes learns.
And many a failure turns about
When he might have won had he stuck it out.
Don't give up, though the pace seems slow,
You may succeed with another blow.

Often the struggler has given up
When he might have captured the victor's cup.

Success is failure turned inside out,
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt.
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit,
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit.

IT'S DONE BEFORE BEGUN

BILL CARDOSI, '53

At writing poems,
I'm not so hot,
A gift of which,
I haven't got.

I'll end it now,
Before it's begun,
I'll pass it in,
Then, I'll be done!

AND SO TO BREATHE AGAIN

MARY LEARSON, '52

Five minutes to twelve, and in each seat
Each student sat rigid, all ready to leap,
I gathered my books to hold for protection,
I shivered and thought, "What a muscular
collection!"

At long last it rang, and loud was the roar;
Thirty-five yelling students out of study hall
tore.

I was ripped from my chair, thrown on the
floor,

Dragged up the aisle, and tossed out the
door,

Herman's future material pushed from be-
hind.

"Oh, please God," I prayed, "save me, be
kind."

Tackled and sat upon, "rip" went my skirt,
Madly frantic, I grabbed someone's shirt

My locker, my locker! I made it at last!

Then for fresh air, and this leg in a cast.

Tonight a steel shield, and a helmet I'll buy,
At this stage of the game—I'm just too
young to die!

TO WAIT OR NOT TO WAIT

PATRICIA BROUILLARD, '53

'Twas the night before my birthday
And all through the house,
Everyone was quiet, especially my spouse.
My presents were hidden in the closet with
care

In hopes that I wouldn't find them there.
The children whispered as they were tucked
into bed,

And I paused at the door to hear what was
said.

"Now listen, kids, not a peep out of you,
Or you'll spoil our secret and all the fun,
too!"

I strained my ears, but nothing more could
I hear,

So I looked around quickly to see if the
"coast" were clear.

As I reached the closet door, I heard my
conscience say,

"Don't open that door or you will surely
pay."

I went to my room to try to get some sleep,
And the only way I did it was by counting
sheep.

When I awakened early the very next day,
I was glad I had waited when I heard my
family say,

"Here's your presents, Daddy, and—a happy
birthday!"

THE CRUSHED ROSE

MARTHA L. FAIST, '53

Each petal is plucked from a rose now dead,
Clutched in the hand of a girl,
Her body lies lifeless, on the bed.
Both are free from a troubled world.

Each petal signifies a phase of her life,
There's one for heartbreak, pain and sorrow,
She found each day, too big a strife,
And time too short, to borrow.

If the rose could be pieced back together
again,
To show her a happy life,
The petals would be straight, and no longer
bend,
They would give her the courage to fight.

MY DREAM

ROSE SIELIAN, '52

I tried to write a poem on art,
A poem about the deep, rich shades,
Which many tints and hues impart,
A masterpiece that never fades.

The lights and darks together
Make a complete design
Combined with artists' endeavor
Becomes a masterpiece fine.

If but one thing I could have
That would mean the world to me,
A work about which I could rave
Is a masterpiece painted by me.

OMISSION

ANN RUTHERFORD, '53

Oh, is it always what we do
That speaks aloud our feeling?
Or is it, can it quite be true,
That things undone have meaning?

Oh, can the things we didn't do
Cause perhaps a deeper pain?
Or are the skies of deeper hue
For things we've done in vain?

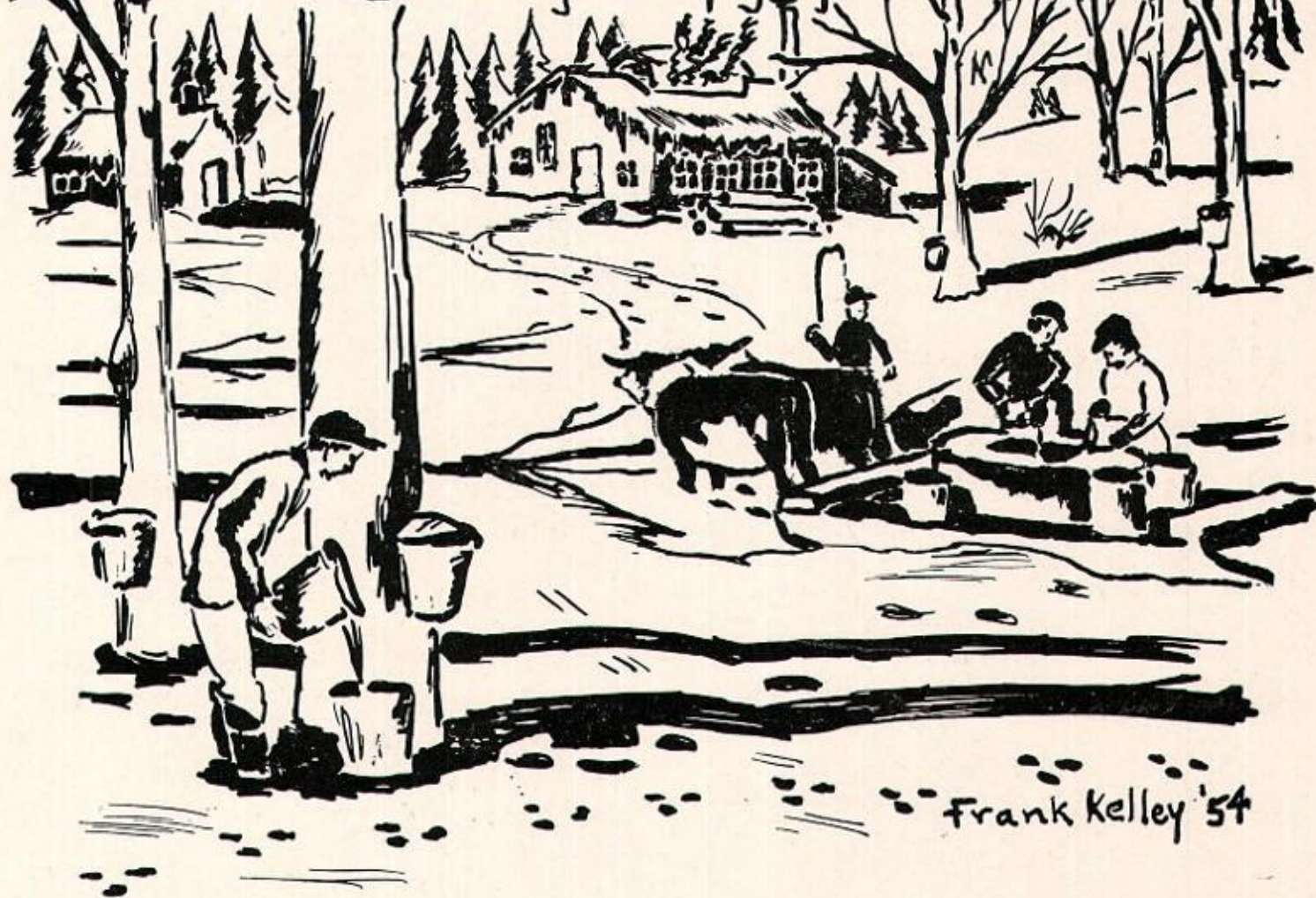
Strange that a heart may shattered be
Because of deeds not done,
As rain will rust the truest steel
Left undried in summer sun.

Sap's Running

The snow lies on the hills,
But spring is coming soon;
The nights are cold and clear
Yet warm by afternoon.

The time of running sap
Has come again, you know;
On maple trees the pails
Are seen above the snow.

The oxen and the men
Are busy all the day;
The fun of sugaring off
Makes everybody gay.



Frank Kelley '54

JR. HIGH

THOUGHTS OF A SEVENTH GRADER

ALAN KING, '57

ICE CREAM

When dinner comes, and there is meat
'Tis still ice cream I love to eat.
What's there about it tastes so good?
Do you want some? You know, you should!

THE WIND

Hear that dreadful wind? It's not alone
you see.
I know this very well: it has trees for com-
pany.
I cannot go to sleep; the wind keeps me
awake.
This wind will make me work—
Tomorrow I must rake!

CHRISTMAS

Is Christmas just a time to get?
Oh no! It's time to give.
A loving season everywhere
No matter where you live.

THANKSGIVING

You'd better be hungry, for you're going
to eat,
Vegetables, cranberry sauce, turkey for
meat—
Then for dessert, you'll be sure to have pies,
When you get through, you'll be full to the
eyes!

MONEY

Pennies, dimes, and nickels, too,
Spending these—'tis joy to do.
Now and then, there is a dollar,
And when they come, I like to holler,
Of folded bills—it's sad but true—
Some have a lot, and some too few!

POEMS

I like to write poems; they are fun to do.
And not only that—I like learning them, too!
Yes, I shall write one; I have time to spare,
I write at home, or at school, or about any-
where.

A Present of Freedom

LOIS DODGE, '56

Tina Marie was a little Polish girl.
She was nine years old today, but
that didn't make much difference
where she was. The Germans had
been looking for her father and mo-
ther on a charge of spying against
the government.

Tina had been kept in a neighbor's
cellar for a month ever since this
horrible thing began. Tina's mother
was afraid if she went out she would
be seen and taken away. Tina's fa-
ther had promised her a wonderful
birthday present. All day she won-
dered what it was going to be.

That night when it was dark, her
mother put on her shawl and the three
of them started down the street. It
seemed to Tina that they walked for
hours among trees, swamps, and deep
grass.

Then just as the dawn was break-
ing, Tina heard her father cry, "Free-
dom!" Tina knew that this was her
birthday present and to her it was
the most wonderful present she had
ever known.

MY GOLD MINE

JOANNE DOE, '56

One day while I was bicycling
(On a bicycle, you know)
I came upon a pile of rocks
Jutting upward through the snow.

When suddenly something caught my eye—
A glint in the midst of the rocks—
So I immediately climbed down from my
faithful bus,
And in doing so caught my socks

On a piece of the rock that had caught my
eye,
Only this piece was down at my feet,
So I stooped down to the ground to get a
good look
And when I did, I turned white as a sheet!

"It must be silver," I thought with joy,
"Or maybe even gold!"
And I thought of the things that I could buy
If a gold mine I had sold.

Or better still I might mine it myself,
Bigger profit is always bliss
"But," I sighed, "I'd better be getting home
'Cause I'm s'posed to bake cookies with
Sis!"

So, taking it home, I asked my Mom
What precious mineral this could be
That shone so bright on the outside
And was in layers so perfectly.

Then Momma looked at me and said,
"My, how the kids will mock!"
As she turned and smiled at me, said she,
"That's mica on rotten rock!"

Serene Tells a True Story

ANNE HESCOCK, '56

My name is Serene and unlike most
of my gender I brag about my age. I
am nearing the century mark. I
have a china face with blue eyes and
black painted hair. My dress is made
of a fine striped material which came
from a tea gown of my mistress's mo-
ther. My hose were once the babies'
socks, elegantly striped, and my slip-
pers are black velvet.

I once belonged to a little girl
named Mary, who lived near Exeter,
New Hampshire.

Yes, I could tell you of many inter-
esting events that happened to Mary
and me. But one of the days which I
like to recall particularly is the day

Mary's favorite Uncle Robert came
home from the Civil War with a
little boy. He stood quietly at one
side while we greeted Mary's hand-
some, captain uncle. Then Uncle Rob-
ert pulled him forward as his protégé
from the South. Mary told me some
time afterward that her uncle had
found the little boy, Lawrence, wan-
dering alone, after a battle. He had
no idea where any of his people were
and begged to stay with the "North-
ern gentleman." So after many ad-
ventures he became part of our quiet
family.

Some other day I will tell you other
stories. Perhaps you would like to
hear about the time I went to a wed-
ding and came home with a funeral.
Or, perhaps you would prefer to hear
about our trip to New Orleans in the
exciting 1870's.

You'd Be Surprised

CAROLYN WOODS, '56

It was a dark, misty night and the
fog lay like a deep gray carpet over
the city. My family and I had re-
tired early as we were quite weary.
The rain was coming down in buckets.
Once in a while there would be a
flash of lightning or a blast of thun-
der.

We had been asleep about three
hours when there was a very loud
knock at the door. My father awoke,
startled, listened, and then shook my
mother. They both listened. The
pounding kept on and grew louder
and louder. Father got up, put on his
robe, picked up his flashlight, and
crept down stairs.

By that time I was awake, and I
went to their bedroom to see what
the commotion was. Mother and I
waited several minutes, and then
hearing no more, thought father
would be right up, but no familiar
voice or comforting step on the stairs
quieted our nerves. Mother suggested
we go downstairs, so we started down.

We heard something, but then the front door slammed shut.

We looked for father, but we didn't see him. We opened the front door, and we saw the dim figures of two large secret police. I called at them and one turned and came toward us. He told us in a rough voice that father was being taken to a concentration camp for speaking against the Soviet Republic. They had no proof, but they usually don't any way. If he were found guilty, he would be liquidated.

This is the story of a typical family in a communist infiltrated country. Of course, you and I know that that would not happen in our country but it **could** if we don't try to overpower all subversive action. We should always be aware of the possibilities and fight for our freedom, and be thankful that our country is built on such a firm foundation. Do we appreciate all our freedom? This is something for us to think over.

My Trip to Mars

GEORGE COOK, '56

Mars is the fourth planet from the Sun, and is something like the Earth.

We boarded a rocket at Logan Airport. It was something like a plane. There were very good seats with a good view of the ground. The stewardess told us to buckle our safety belts, ready for the take off.

Then we heard the roar of the engines, a cloud of dust, and we started to climb into space.

The air was getting pretty thin a ways out, and we had a tube that held some air. We were traveling about 6,000 miles an hour, so we had time for dinner.

We landed about ten days later and saw that it was like the Earth. Some had to wear weights to hold them down; the Martians, as they were called, looked very funny. They are green with big ears.

We stayed two weeks and explored around.

What a Situation

CONNIE CHARLES, '56

While attending one of the Allain's City Team's basketball games against the New England Hoboes, an interesting thing happened. I would like to tell you about it.

It was an exciting game, the score was tied, and the Hoboes called for time out. My friend hollers, "Always calling for time out!" I was embarrassed and my face got red when three of the Hoboes started toward us. When the hoboos got up to us, my friend jumped up to run out of the gym. Then one of the Hoboes jumped up onto the post in front of us. By that time everyone was roaring with laughter. It may have been funny to them, but I was greatly embarrassed.

Boxing Club

The Boxing Club is really on its way to a very good start. There have been several meetings in which members have done considerable work in setting up the ring under the auditorium.

All of the members have had an opportunity to work with the large training bag, along with the inflated bag. Some of them are rather proficient at skipping rope.

The last meeting gave the boys an opportunity to actually work a few rounds in the ring.

The following boys are meeting regularly for this sport: Haven Andrews, Leo Belleville, Robert Giera, Ernest Gray, Kenneth Haselton, Robert Hill, Marcel Huppe, James Lyndes, James MacDougall, Paul McGrath, Fred Perkins, Sam Thereault, Gale Varney, and Jack Wingate. The advisor is Mr. Ayer.

More Sports — Page 28

ALUMNI

HONOR

U.S. ARMY

Paul Baker
Arthur Balemenos
Roger Balemenos
James Brennan
Patricia Theriault Brown
Raymond Couch
Philip Dunk
Reginald Hurd
Gerald Lacroix
Betty Lambartson
Marcel Letourneau
Horace Lyndes
James Maloney
Franklin Myron
Arthur Nutter
Edward Raiche
James Remick
Norman Remick
James Seaman
Stanley Sprague
Gerald Stuart
Raymond Stuart
Raymond Trembly
James Upham

U.S. AIR FORCE

Leroy Allen
Robert Allen
Robert Benton
Donald Bernier
Maurice Bickford
Richard Boyle
Thomas Brennan
Victor Cardosi
Frederic Colbroth
James Dexter
Ralph Dimond
Ronald Dowst
Edward Drapeau
Arthur Grenier
George Grandin
Gordon Hartford
George Lambartson
Morton Leary
Armand Letourneau
Ellis Lowry
Leon Pouliot
Dionisisos Raizes
Ernest Schafer
Frederick Steadman
Franklin Torr
Charles Walker
Chester Warden

ROLL

U.S. NAVY

Richard Balemenos
Arthur Birch
Cecil Birch
Virginia Boudreau
Donald Byrd
Anthony Constantino
Roger Davis
Elwood Floyd
Marshall Fox
Richard Gagne
Linwood Goodwin
Myer Gotz
Robert Gould
George Hervey
Dwight Horne
Dwight Libby
George Lovejoy
John Lovejoy
Richard Morin
Roger Morin
William Osborne
Warren Ranagan
Alice Rouleau
Donald Seavey
Noel Snyder
Lawrence Wagner
Paul Walsh
Theresa Weeks

U.S. MARINES

Robert Arlin
William Brennan
Arnold Clement
Herbert Dandrow
John DeRoy
James Edgerly
Royal Edgerly
Arthur Folsom
Hugh Miller
Robert Miller
Radman Morrill
Edward Shaw
Harlan Worster

M. Varney



Warney

EXCHANGE

Hi, everybody! Here we are back again with all the news and comments and hoping that you will enjoy them. If there is any school that we do not exchange with that you would like to exchange, please notify the editor.

First of all we would like to express our deepest thanks and appreciation to all of the schools who have sent us their magazine. We really enjoy exchanging with you.

Congratulations, Beverly High School! Your magazine is one of the best we have yet received. You have an excellent Literary Department and we took pleasure in reading it through.

We all think Nashua High School has an exceptional magazine. Each section is the perfect length and we're looking forward to your next issue.

We would like to mention the "Broadcaster," also from Nashua. You have an excellent magazine! Congratulations to the four girls originating the Christmas recipes. We found them very interesting.

"The School Spirit" from Dover High School is a very good magazine. Your ideas on "What Seniors Think of Freshmen" is very interesting, but couldn't you staple the pages together more securely to prevent any of them from being lost? How about commenting on our "Red and White"?

On the arrival of "The Focus" of Saugus, Mass., we were all deeply engrossed in its contents. We'd like to congratulate Gladys Jillette on her poem entitled "My Psalm." We would also like to print it for the benefit of all our readers.

MY PSALM

Thanks to my teacher, I shall not pass,
She maketh me to show my ignorance
before the whole class.

She giveth me more than I can learn,
She lowereth my grade.

Yea, though I walk through the valley
of knowledge,

I learneth not.

She fireth questions at me in the
presence of my classmates.

She anointeth my head with cleaning
fluid, my eyes runneth over.

Surely keys and carriages will follow
me all the days of my life,

And I will dwell in the typing room
forever.

"The Oracle," from Manchester Central, is an excellent magazine. Your poetry section is very good and what took our eye was "Lost: One Etherel Horn" by Patricia Blodget. It is exceptionally humorous poetry and a pleasant change from the usual run. Another interesting feature is the pictures of the teams. This and That section is good, lots of new ideas.

We recently received a copy of "The Volunteer" from Concord High School. You have a very fine paper and we hope you will continue to exchange with us.

We wish to acknowledge:

"The Voice of Stevens"—Claremont, N. H.

"The Lakonian"—Laconia, N. H.

"The Abhis"—North Abington, Mass.

"The Ray"—Salem, N. H.

"Orange and Black"—Farmington, N. H.

"Branciforte Bee"—Santa Cruz, Cal.

"Red and Gray"—Lynn, Mass.

NEWS

Student Activities Assemblies

The students of Spaulding High School were presented a marionette play on November 5, entitled "The Tinderbox." The production of the story by Hans Christian Andersen was built by George and Lucy Cole for their Little Theatre Studio. In the five-act play Richard the Lion-Hearted, Queen Berengaria, a jester, crusader, and witch were only a few of the hand carved marionettes shown.

On November 16, William Scadden, a social psychologist, gave a very thoughtful and humorous talk on "The Road Ahead." He stressed the fact that only the individual could know what road he wanted to take in life, but to reach his destination there would be certain turns and side roads that had to be taken. With much humor and wit he depicted some of his experiences as samples of "The Road Ahead."

We were entertained on October 25 by William Haaker, a concert pianist. He played selections of classics, jazz, and popular pieces, including the well known "Rhapsody In Blue."

At the last Student Activity Assembly our performers were Mr. Clair Musser, a distinguished concert pianist, and Miss Lowenn Cook, a college senior, who presented us with a piano and mirimba duet. Pieces were "Fiddle Faddle," "Indian Love Call," and the "Dance of the Sabers."

Masque and Dagger

On March 14, the Masque and Dagger will give its performance of its spring production, "Men Are Like Street Cars."

The play was cast after a week of tryouts and the following roles have been assigned: Mrs. Mason, mother, Katherine Baker; Mr. Mason, father, Thomas Grey; Maudie, their younger daughter, Mary Learson; Sylvia, their older daughter, Stephanie Splaine; Joy, a cousin, Ruth Dennis; Alix, Barbara Goodwin; Julie, Shirley Letourneau; Lysbeth, Marcia Campbell; Mrs. White, Sally Stevens; Mrs. Allen, Cynthia Lunt; Mrs. Day, Shirley Fielding; Davy, Maudie's part-time steady, John Frye; Chi, his pal, Alan Novins; Jerry, Sylvia's friend, Kendrick Doe; Ted Felton, another friend, Jerry Fernald; and Margaret, the maid, Martha McLeod.

This incident is a genuinely light-hearted comedy of the younger generation. Maudie is a very real young girl just growing up and getting the feel of how important she is. Her brain is sometimes kept working overtime in the solution of her own boy problems and those of her sister and friends. Her philosophy of getting and holding her man is sometimes overpowering and does not work in solving anything, but does bring about confusion, near loss to her father's business, a social crisis in the neighborhood, and almost loss of her personal property, a boy named Davy. She learns, almost too late,

that she can do better by being her natural self without a "line."

First she is put in charge of a pretty but shy cousin named Joy, to whom she teaches her "system." Joy, however, takes this delightful and humorous line and uses it so well that she snares almost all Maudie's boy friends. Then Maudie turns to her older sister, Sylvia, and decides to marry her off. In order to make her more attractive, Maudie feels she should do something about Sylvia's excellent reputation. She starts drawing on movies she's seen and lurid novels she's read and tells these things all as though they were a part of her sister's earlier life. This gets Maudie into deeper trouble.

Through the play you feel Maudie's philosophy as expressed in her favorite saying, "Men are like street cars. If you miss one, there'll be another along soon."

Speech Club

The Spaulding Speech Club, under the guidance of Mrs. Hawkenson, has increased both its membership and its activities as the year has progressed.

Members have taken part in practice tournaments at Pembroke and Manchester, N. H., and at Portland Junior College in Maine.

In October at Laconia, N. H., members of the club joined other schools in a Youth Conference with emphasis on Parliamentary Procedure.

In December student debators went to Dartmouth College to debate the subject: "Should all American Citizens be Subject to Conscription for Essential Services in Time of War"

In January, Spaulding played host to N. H. schools at an all day Speech Clinic with about one hundred in attendance.

At the State Tournament held at N. H. University, members took part in both debating and prize speaking.

Mary Learson received second State Prize for her humorous interpretation while Richard Charles and Gerald Fernald won four straight rounds of debating, competing with other schools of the state.

There were six entries in the Kiwanis Prize Speaking Contest held at Spaulding. Mary Learson won first prize and Cynthia Lunt second, while Lawrence Hooper received third. Honorable Mention was given to Haven Andrews, Richard Charles, and Martha McLeod.

Much work has been done in extemporaneous speaking, and interest in all branches of speech has been high. We are looking forward to many more debates and prize speaking events.

We are anxiously awaiting membership to the National Forensic League, which is an organization whose main interest is to interest high school students in good speech.

One of our speech club members, James Lyndes, has started his own radio program, "Teen Time," on WWNH from 10:05 to 10:30, which has proved to be very successful.

Senior Tri-Hi-Y

The Senior Tri-Hi-Y Club has an active membership of forty junior and senior girls. The officers are president, Jeanne Ann Barcomb; vice-president, Janet Beaudoin; secretary, Priscilla Daggett; treasurer, Jean Tebbetts; and chaplain, Norma O'Brien. The Club has sponsored five projects, and a senior scholarship fund. Also, the Club dressed a child at Christmas, and had a basketball team which participated in the girls' tournament at the University. The Club also sponsored the annual Christmas Ball.

Meetings of the Tri-Hi-Y Club are held Wednesday nights in the music room, and are under the able guidance

(Continued on Page 34)

SPORTS

Interview

Getting a few ideas from a coach's viewpoint on the value of interscholastic and extracurricular sports, I picked up this information. Physical education is not only the development of physical but also mental powers. The activity program in this school offers students sports and events in which they can participate, and which will be a value to them when they get out of school. The feeling one gets when he is a member of an athletic team representing his school while participating in interscholastic competition is something which you can't get in a classroom. It breeds sportsmanship, co-ordination, and the ambition to get ahead, so that he has the willingness to work with his fellow teammates and do everything within his power to obtain the goal which he sets for himself.

So it is true in later life, that if this code was followed, man would indeed obtain the success which he strives to reach.

Discussing the topic of bringing military training into high schools, the coach's personal opinion was that it would not be a good idea. He thought that it would be better if the boys were allowed to mature gradually, as boys should, and not heap a feeling of military responsibility upon them, for it would probably frustrate them and give them too much to think about.

SPAULDING VS. CENTRAL

Manchester Central High beat the Spaulding Red Raiders 53-50 at the Spaulding Gym.

Central moved to a 12-11 lead in the early part of the game and boasted a 25-22 lead at the half.

Bob Vanasse paced Spaulding with 17 points. Don O'Brien had 13 and John Carrigan 10 points.

SPAULDING VS. BISHOP BRADLEY

Spaulding High lost its second three-point decision in a row, 49-46.

Flaker led the Spaulding attack with 11 points. O'Brien and Carrigan had 10 points each. Healy had 14 points for Bradley.

The Raiders went ahead in the 4th period on John Newhall's basket, 38-37. Don Healy put one in for Bradley. Rod Kearney and Jim Barry added to the score. Don O'Brien came back with one for Spaulding. Bradley scored and Don O'Brien dumped in another two points with Don Patch tossing in a couple of free throws. With 45 seconds, Jim Barry clinched the game with a two pointer.

The Bradley JV's beat the Spaulding JV's 55-12.

PORTSMOUTH 57— SPAULDING 40

The Portsmouth Clippers took full revenge for a previous defeat at Portsmouth by thoroughly drubbing

the Raiders 57-40. The Clippers took advantage of a two-platoon system to run the Spaulding quintet ragged. Spaulding stayed in the battle until the third period when Coach Ed Petras' boys turned the game into a runaway. Bob Vanasse's 13 points and John Carrigan's 12 points were not enough to keep the Raiders in the game. It was the Raiders' second straight loss and their record now stands 7-5.

BERLIN 71—SPAULDING 44

The Berlin High Mountaineers tagged the worst defeat of the season on the Raiders at Berlin, 71-44. Spaulding was decidedly off and looked little like a team who previously boasted a six-game winning streak. Bob Vanasse was the only Raider to hit double figures, while MacArthur, with 18 points and Sullivan, with 13 points, led the Northern crew. Berlin jumped to a 19-9 lead in the first quarter and never lost it. The Raiders must win one of their next three games to qualify for the tournament.

DOVER 44—SPAULDING 38

Spaulding dropped its third straight game the hard way to the Green Wave at Dover in overtime, 44-38. A slow first period revealed a score of 6-5 in Dover's favor. Dover outscored the Raiders 17-9 in the second period to hold a nine-point margin at the half. Spaulding bounced back to outscore Dover in both of the final frames to tie the game. With Vanasse, Patch, and O'Brien out in the overtime, the Raiders were unable to counter Dover's six points. "Dud" Flaker and "Bob" Vanasse dominated the scoring departments for Spaulding with 16 and 9 points respectively while Jack McNally's 15 points were high for Dover. Spaulding previously whipped Dover 56-32 at Spaulding.

SPAULDING VS. WEST

Spaulding continued its winning streak to six straight games as it defeated West High 36-29, at Manchester. This was an important victory as Spaulding has always been jinxed while playing at West's little horse-stall gym.

The game was rough at spots but the personals were only ten for Spaulding and nine for West.

Don Patch with 11 points and Johnny Carrigan with 10 points carried the scoring burden. The Raiders held a modest 17-11 lead at the half, but only managed to outscore West 19-18 during the last half, with West closing the gap 24-28 in the final quarter, but Spaulding was determined not to lose this one as they had in previous years.

The JV game was canceled when the Spaulding team arrived late.

SPAULDING VS. DOVER

The Spaulding Raiders literally swamped the Dover Green Wave to roll up a surprisingly easy 56-32 victory over its oldest rival.

The outclassed Dover quintet failed to dent the romping raiders who outscored them 32-14 in the second to tuck the game away.

Once again it was Duddy Flaker who held scoring honors, dunking in 17 points, with Vanasse scoring 14 points. By winning, Spaulding kept its winning streak going to five straight games.

In the preliminary, the Dover JV's edged the Spaulding JV's 24-23.

SPAULDING VS. LACONIA

The Laconia High Sachems hit from all corners of the court to run up a quick 18-2 lead in the first period which the Raiders never could erase.

(Continued on Page 34)

JOKES

BRAIN TEASER

A motorist was one hundred yards from an open railroad crossing, proceeding at fifty miles per hour. A train, coming down the track at sixty miles an hour was three hundred seventy-five feet from the crossing.

Problem: Did the motorist get across?

Solution: Yes, the motorist got across. A beautiful marble cross purchased by his widow from his insurance payments.

When atomic power
Reaches its peak.
Perhaps we'll have
A no-hour week.
(C. W. Philadelphia)

A girl doesn't mind going out with a strong, silent man if he has plenty of money to do the talking for him.

Voice from the floor of a Gonic bus:
"A-a-sh, someone's leaving. Now we can get a place to stand up."

Mother: "What! You flunked that course again?"

Fred Perkins: "What'd you expect she gave me the same test?"

Paul Clark: "I'm thinking of asking a girl to marry me. Do you think that's a good idea?"

Yvonne: "Yes, if you ask me."

Mrs. Valley was explaining to the class some of the mysteries of the French language. She told them that "madame" means a married woman, "mademoiselle" means an unmarried woman and "monsieur" means a man. Then, to see if the class understood she asked one of our "brains" to tell the difference between "madame" and "mademoiselle." Immediately the boy answered: "Monsieur."

A New Arrival

CAROLYN WOODS, '56

In our family surprises are quite common, but one night last week we got an unusual one. We now have a new baby in our house. Oh, she's such a pretty thing. She weighs about one hundred pounds. Of course she is a bit large for her age.

We stay up quite late with her on Friday and Saturday nights. All the neighbors come over for her feeding and they stay till 12:00 or 1:00.

She costs quite a bit as all babies do. But we enjoy her so much that it makes up for her cost. She has a twenty-inch face. She comes in very clear on almost every night, even though it's snowing or raining.

We christened her "Philconnie" but her real name is Philco.

Have you guessed yet who our baby really is? ? ? ?

Letter of Condolence

106 Main Street
Rochester, N. H.
January 10, 1952

Dear Uncle George:

I can see you now, having a wonderful time relaxing and sporting around now that Aunt Mary has gone. You won't have to bother getting her meals, running after this and that so she will be comfortable. You know I always thought she was joking about her illness, but now I know she wasn't, since she's dead.

Now you can have a real good time, going to the places and clubs you always wanted to attend. When you knew Aunt Mary was going to die and you got a twenty-thousand dollar policy, I thought you were a very smart business man, as that was a smart business move on your part.

Sorry I could not come to the funeral, but I suppose that you were in a hurry to bury her and did not care to have too many people there else I should have been notified.

So long for now.

Your loving nephew,
Roger Beaudoin.

*Letter of Sympathy?
To One Hospitalized*

5 Richer Court
Rochester, N. H.
January 16, 1952

Hi Ya, Kid:

Heard you had a slight accident. How come you couldn't get out of the way when you saw the train coming? You must have had your foot caught in the tracks just as they do in the movies. How did you feel when the train was a few feet in front of you and you knew it was too late to get out of the way?

It must have felt funny to lie in the ambulance and watch them pick

up your leg and throw it into the rubbish truck.

I know you can't answer this letter because of the shock you had which paralyzed your right arm. You won't be able to play basketball this year, will you? Your girl sure feels bad about it all; she hasn't eaten or slept since the accident. You are going to have a wooden leg now, I guess. You know it will be hard to learn to walk again. If it were anyone but you, I'd say he would never learn to walk, but I know you can do it. "You can't keep a good man down," is what I always say. Do you think you will have to repeat this school year? If you do, you won't be able to graduate with all your pals.

Remember that night Sally saw a man with a wooden leg dancing? She said she would never go out with a person who had a wooden leg, so you'd better get a new style plastic leg or

(Continued on Page 34)

*THE VALUE OF A COLLEGE
EDUCATION*

(Continued from Page 4)

tion in this field which he carried with him throughout his life.

In much the same way, one can benefit by a college education. First one learns the fundamentals. However, the basis for education is not to learn from books, by rote word for word, etc., but to learn how to reason quickly and accurately.

In our college life we shall also make many acquaintances who will prove to be definite assets to us in later life. A college degree opens the door to many jobs and positions offering almost unlimited opportunities for advancement.

Therefore, it is a sincere opinion that if a person really wants to make something of his life; if he wants a worthwhile job with desirable advantages, he cannot afford to sacrifice the values of a college education.



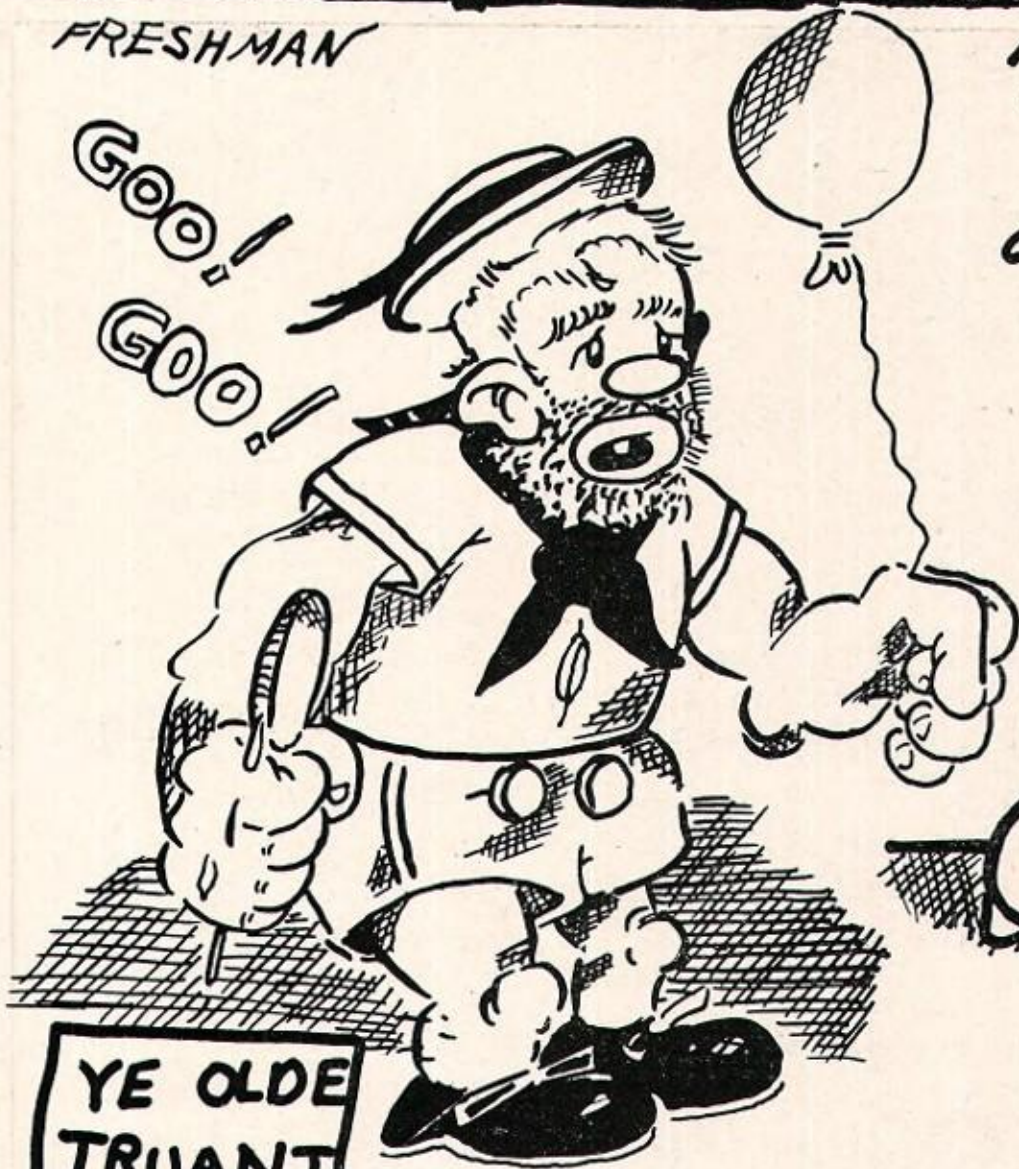
SPRING

SEAVEY
54,

FRESHMAN

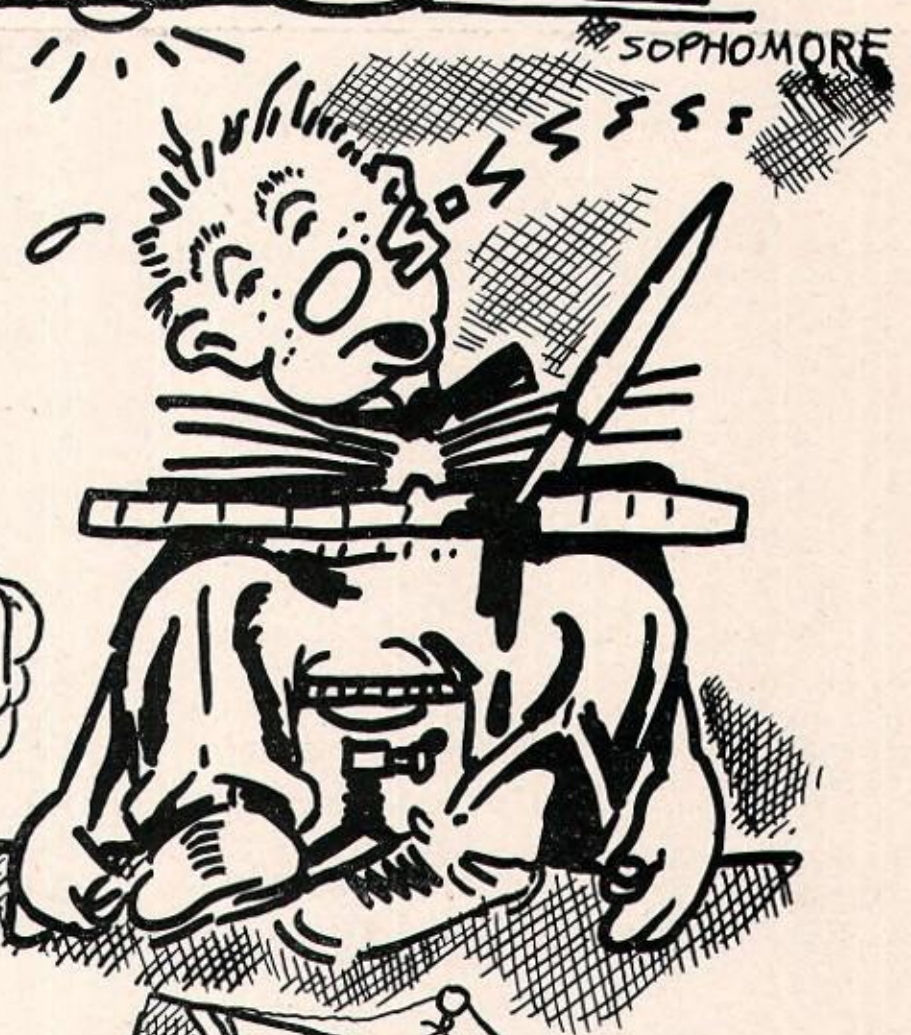
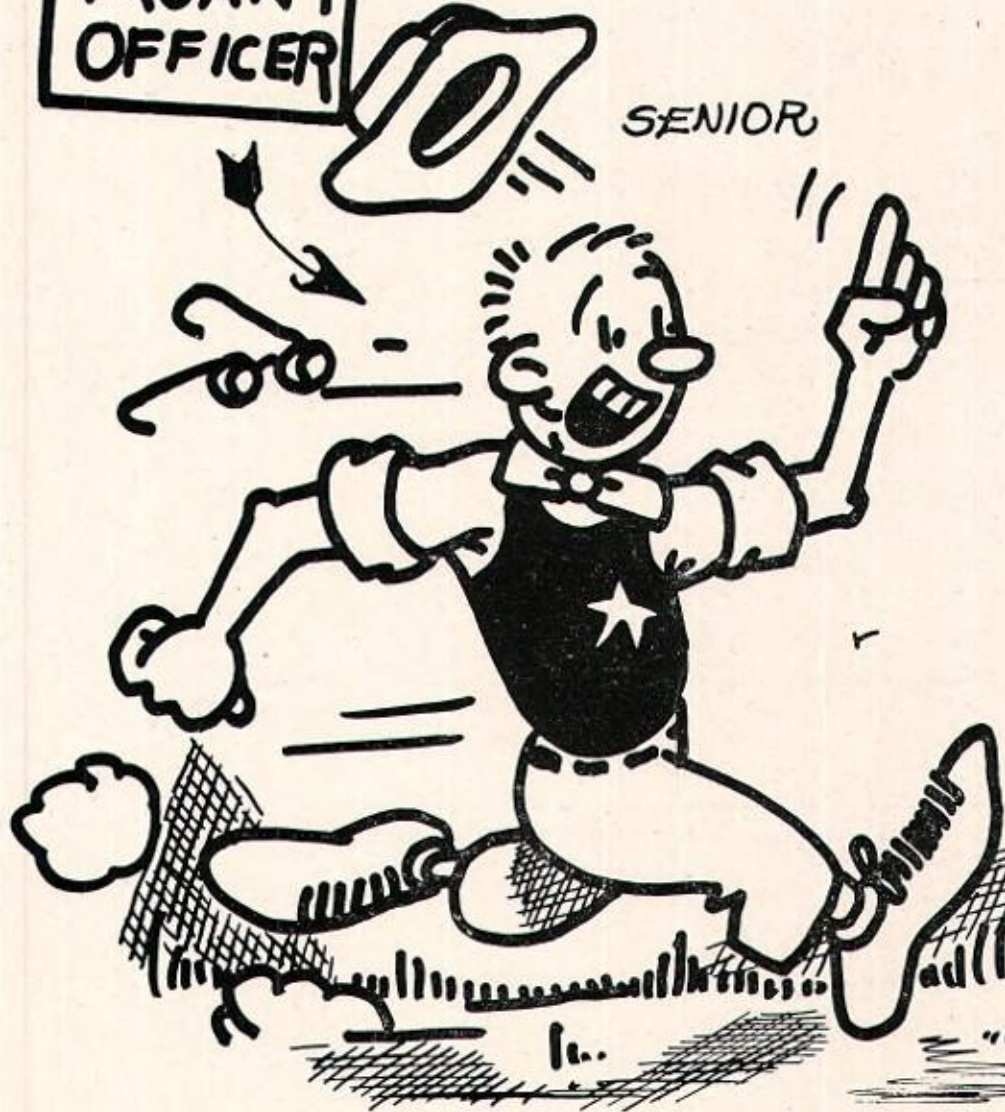
SOPHOMORE

Goo!
Goo!



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SPORTS

(Continued from Page 29)

The Laconia quintet sank eight out of ten tries from the floor in the first period and then protected their lead to outdistance the Raiders to the tune of 59-44. Spaulding came back by outscoring the Sachems in both the second and third quarters, but could not overcome the deficit in the final frame.

King, with 16 points, was high for Laconia, while Vanesse, with 11 points, was high for the Raiders.

The Laconia JV's downed the young Raiders in the preliminary, 59-22.

NEWS

(Continued from Page 27)

of the Club advisers, Mrs. Grierson and Mrs. DiRubio.

Our Club is anticipating a large at-

tendance at the older girls' conference to be held in Claremont on March 9th, 10th, and 11th. Fifteen girls from our Club will be able to go to the conference.

LETTER OF SYMPATHY

(Continued from Page 31)

it's quits for you and her.

You know you came out of it pretty easy, considering you could have been killed. If I were in your place, I'd just as soon been killed. Do you feel the way I do about it? Well, I'll see ya, kid; gotta be going to school. I'll bring you over some books to read when I come. So long.

Your old pal,

Al Bouchard.

P. S. At least you won't have to worry about getting cold feet.

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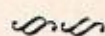
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